

*Delight
By Eden
Phillipotts*

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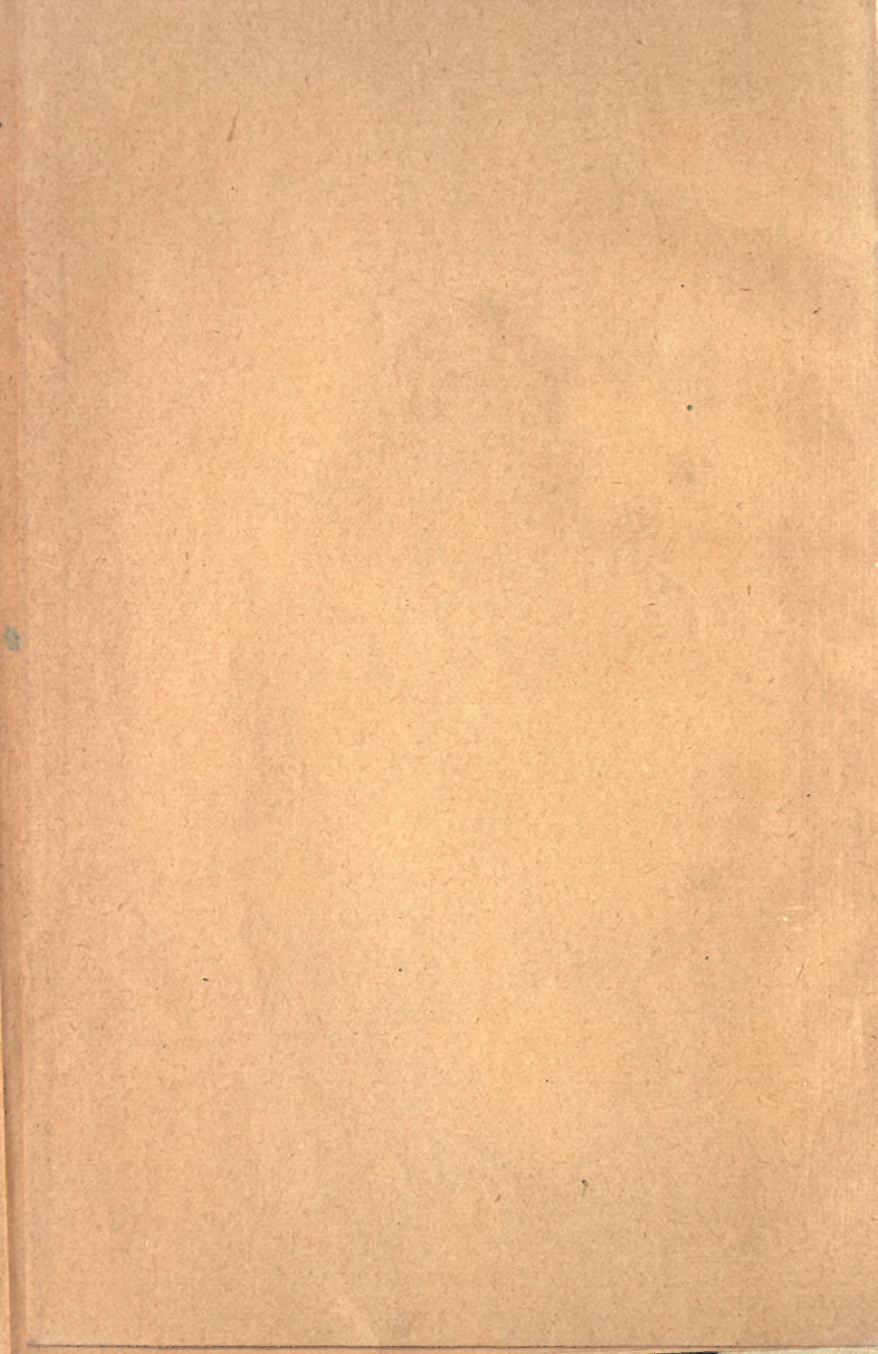
*Delight
By Eden
Phillipotts*

First edition

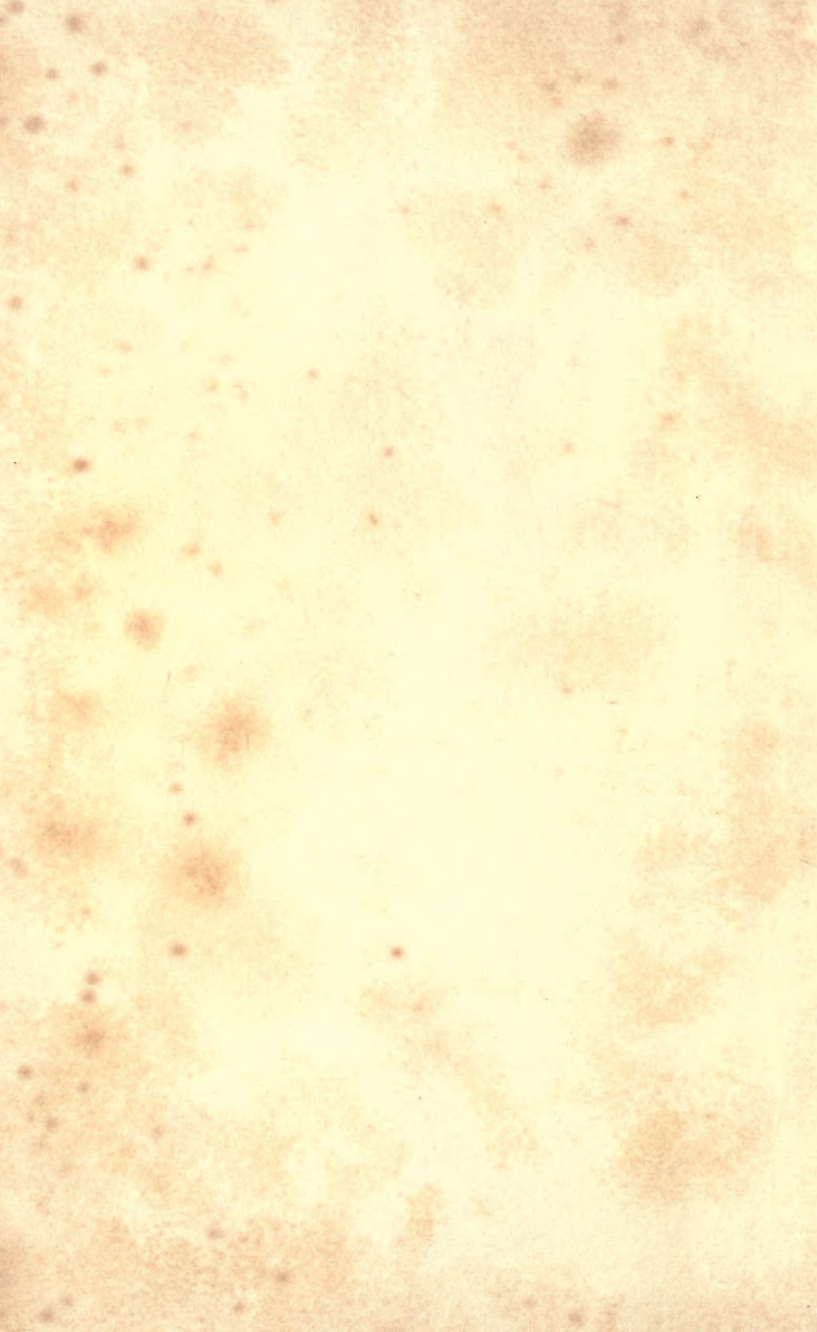


ALMA ELLIOTT.

CECIL PALMER & HAYWARD







'DELIGHT.'



The Girl and the Faun.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Demy 8vo., 6/- net. Cloth.

With Illustrations in Colour by FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.

Nothing finer than this piece of English prose has come from the pen of Eden Phillpotts. "The Girl and the Faun" is a delightful fairy story for grown-ups, written with a wealth of imagination and poetic fancy. All Mr. Phillpott's gifts of descriptive prose, characterisation, psychology, philosophy and humour are here. The six illustrations in colour and the decorative border throughout the text are by Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A. The association of these two great artists will place "The Girl and the Faun" among the most notable productions of the year. To all lovers of brilliant and poetic prose, and of pictures as rich in colour as they are great in conception and feeling, this book must inevitably make a wide and irresistible appeal.



"Not a flower of the field, or a bird on a tree
Was so gentle, so comely, so joyous as she."

'DELIGHT'

BY

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



LONDON.

CECIL PALMER & HAYWARD

OAKLEY HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY ST., W.C.

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‘DELIGHT.’

The heroine's beautiful name was Nuzhat;
Just ‘Delight’ the word means: you may rhyme
it with ‘star.’

Not a flower of the field, or a bird on a tree
Was so gentle, so comely, so joyous as she.

Of exquisite beauty, with heart of pure gold,
Though Syrian by birth, she belonged to the fold
Of the Christians; she revelled in doing good
works

And would even speak well of the horrible Turks.

Her father, Ben Hassan, a merchant of fame,
Grew the orange at Jaffa and bartered the same.
That his fruit was the best in the market all knew.
He was just and enlightened, trustworthy and
true.

Now Shadad, the clerk, skilled in keeping of
books—

An intelligent fellow, who laboured at Cook's—

Though he worked for those Agents from morning
till night,

Yet found time to go courting the dainty Delight.

To green orange orchards together they'd go,

When the blossom buds opened in scent and in
snow;

Or walk nigh the waves, where white irises
spread

Their pure silver on graves of the long vanished
dead.

And all that was lovely and precious and fair
To young Shadad seemed less than a strand of
her hair,

While everything splendid and noble and grand,
Unto Nuzhat was not worth one touch of his
hand.



"Her father, Ben Hassan, a merchant of fame,
Grew the orange at Jaffa and bartered the same."

Thus love plays the fool with our bravest and
best,

Caring nought for their faith, or the God they
attest.

The clerk was a Moslem and trusted his soul
To the Prophet and Koran, with Allah for goal.

Alma Venus, poor pagan, knows nothing of
creeds,

Or the grief and confusion that clash of them
breeds.

She'll find a rare girl and a brave, handsome boy,
Then most thoughtlessly throw them together
with joy.

One ventures a wish that the Party we know
Still directs Alma Venus the way she should go,
Had instilled some nice feeling and measure of
tact

To prevent such a wanton and unprovoked act.

In the delicate matter of creeds and religions,
Mohammedan peacocks and white Christian
pigeons

Should not for an instant be lured into love—
Just a hint for the guidance of Those up above.

Nuzhat kept her faith as the price of her
soul,

Though high Heaven itself seemed not much of
a goal

With Shadad outside it; while as for the clerk,
He implored the great Prophet to lighten his
dark.

Such passion through Jaffa was noted ere
long

And awoke local poets to music and song.

The lovers felt pride thus to figure in verse,

Though their fame, as a fact, only made matters
worse.





"He implored the great Prophet to lighten his dark."

For Delight sank and dwindled in grief and in
gloom

At her good father's house hard by Tabitha's
Tomb ;

While Shadad grew strange and eccentric in
manner

At his rooms, near the dwelling of Simon the
Tanner.

Kind Isaac, the Jew, strove to make them see
sense,

And the pains and the trouble he took were
immense ;

But, in truth, nothing hopeful could really be done
While Nuzhat worshipped Three Gods and
Shadad but One.

Both lovers grew thin ; then at last came a day
When his agonised self the sad clerk tore away
From the township of Jaffa. He carried his pain
To a billet Cook's offered him somewhere in
Spain.

Men marvelled to find them so patient and
brave;

But such heart-rending grief quickly ends in the
grave.

They parted for ever. He sailed off to sea
And his poor Delight fainted upon Jaffa
quay.

Too hard for her gentle, young heart was the
blow

Of this cruel farewell. As a moon that sinks
low

On the fringes of earth, sank the Syrian maid.
All her friends grew confounded, her parents
afraid.

Then secretly, knowing full well that her time
Was to end in this world, without reason or
rhyme,

She took a rash step and, five witnesses present,
Abandoned the Cross and adopted the Crescent.



"Kind Isaac, the Jew, strove to make them see sense,
And the pains and the trouble he took were immense."

To Isaac, the Jew, their old family friend,
An imperative message she hastened to send;
And on mule, riding swiftly, soon came into
view

That most amiable person, good Isaac, the Jew.

"To Valladolid I implore you embark,"
Said Nuzhat, "and seek out my own Shadad,
the clerk,
And tell him, before I sank under the sod,
That I knew and confessed there was only one
God."

"And when the day comes that his spirit must
fly
Into Allah's bright heaven above the blue
sky,
Though beautiful houris exhibit their charms,
It's his own dear Delight will leap into his
arms!"

With smiles of contentment the little girl died,
And good Isaac, the Jew, took his journey. He
hied

Off to Valladolid, and discovering Cook's,
Made inquiry for Shadad, the keeper of books.

He found the poor clerk in the shadow of
death,

For indeed he was nearing his very last breath,
With a Cross in his hand, at his bedside a
priest,

And his beautiful eyes yearning still on the East.

He smiled at good Isaac and blessed his new
creed

"I am passing, old friend," said the clerk; "pray
you speed

To my love, and narrate that I happily died
With the Cross in my hand and a priest at
my side.

'DELIGHT.'

"The padre can vouch that I'm Christian all
through;

And though love everlasting and radiant and
true

Has slain me, tell Nuzhat, my own, that I go
To the same happy Heaven some day she shall
know.

"The Prophet and Allah are words on the
wind,

For in Spain the True Call and the Message I
find.

Where life is eternal and Gods there are Three,
Tell Delight, my beloved, I quickly shall be!"

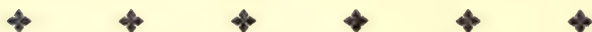
Then Isaac, the Jew, with his genius of race,
By no tremor of eyelid, or quiver of face
Showed grief at disaster so dire and complete;
But the maiden's last message he did not
repeat.

"Though saved," the priest whispered, "it's only
too clear

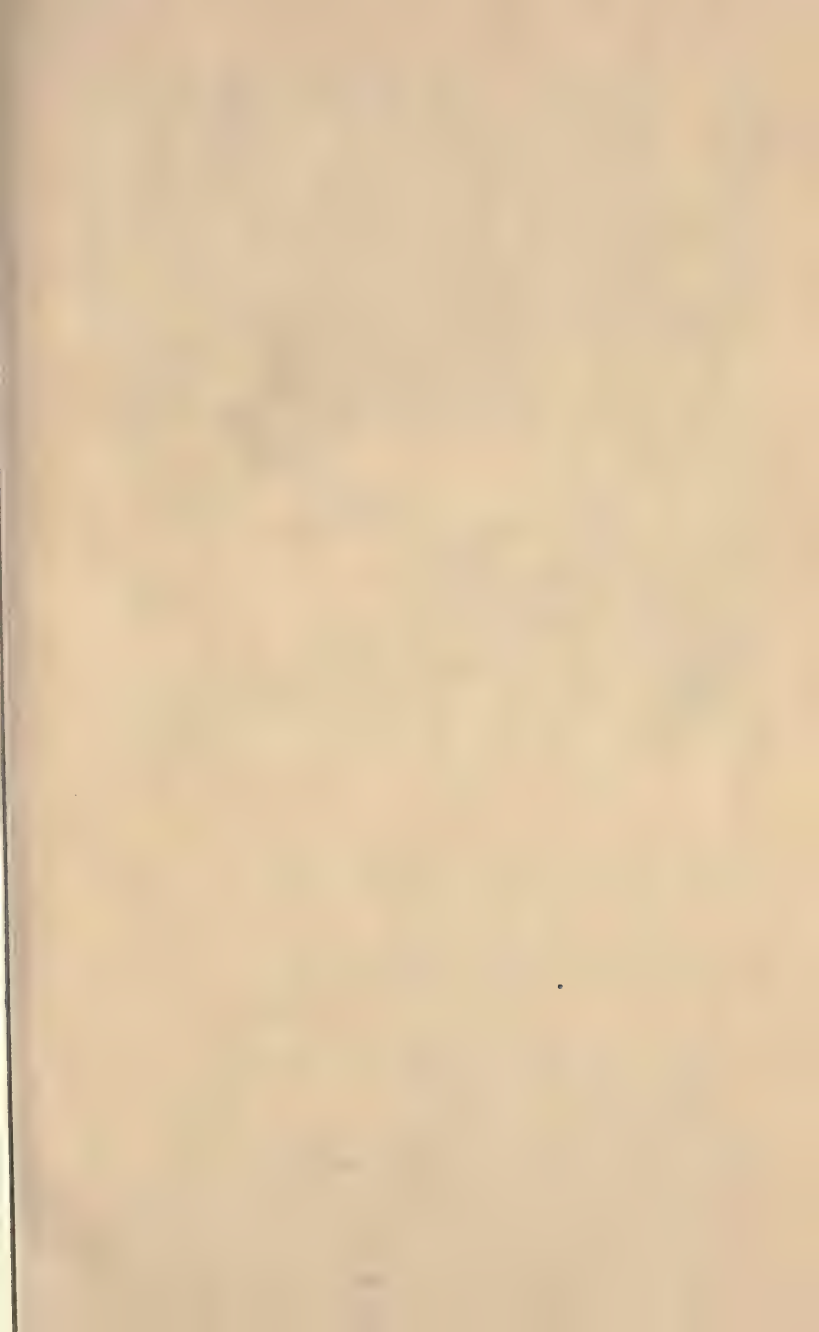
His sweetheart has slipped through our fingers;
I fear

From all he relates, she's been led to perdition
By a dreadful, American, Protestant Mission."

So Shadad expired at the set of the sun
With the padre's assurance of victory won;
While upon his home journey went Isaac, the
Jew,
Thanking God, the true God was the God that
he knew.



So thus it fell out, in that vestibule vast,
Where the souls that depart meet again at the
last,
Nuzhat and her love came together; their plight
Shocked even lost spirits—so sad was the sight.





"All her friends grew confounded, her parents afraid."

Two shades, hand in hand, to the Saint of the
Keys

Stole despondent together and fell on their knees.
Peter mourned, for he always confessed to dismay
When such lovely young lives were cut off in
this way.

And doubtless because he is human and kind,
At high Heaven's strait gate the Apostle we
find.

An Angel, whose views are restricted to Heaven,
With man's Mercy pure Justice would know
not to leaven.

The Fates—those weird sisters who'd plotted
this mess—

Stood at hand, and what Peter would do, none
could guess.

For the Spinner, Lot-drawer and She with the
Shears,

Much regretted their prank and were all moved
to tears.

They felt little hope the beneficent warder
A solution could find for this cruel disorder.
Then the lovers knelt down before Paradise
gate
And all heard young Delight their sad story
relate.

The narrative done, they both lifted sad eyes
To that face apostolic and wrinkled and wise,
And the Key-bearer, shaking his head at the
Fates,
Begged for just a few details and just a few
dates.

'Then thus it appears: she you wanted for wife
Has lived a good Christian the whole of her
life?

That can't be denied?" asked the Saint, and
Shadad

Could most honestly say that his dear Delight
had.



Alma Ellsworth 1916

"And on mule, riding swiftly, soon came into view
That most amiable person, good Isaac, the Jew."

“While you, my poor hero, cut off in your
prime,

Have endured for your love a deplorable time;
But you died a good Christian at Valladolid?”

And Delight made swift answer, “He certainly
did!”

“Then enter, young people! Receive of our best,
For I reckon you’re better than some of the
Bless’d.

And should seraphim question, or cherub show
fears,

Just you tell them to mind their own business,
my dears!”

Here’s a sharp little angel who knows all the
ropes

And I only trust Heaven will equal your hopes.
Some spirits demur to our power of attraction,
Though we strive in each case, to give all
satisfaction.

“Disappointment we find is confessed by the
classes

And a spirit of boredom revealed in the masses ;
For Earth’s grown so perfect, superb and sublime,
That to go just one better takes us all our
time.”

They entered : with rapture their glad spirits
burned ;

While to Lachesis, Atropos, Clotho he turned.

“There are days,” said the Saint, “when I doubt
if you’re sane.

Now be off, naughty girls, and don’t do it again !”

THE STEADFAST LOVER.

When joyous May was on the way

And all the birds a singing,

Again to love, like turtle dove,

My merry thoughts were winging,

One only she had conquered me

And fairly drove me silly.

'Twas up-along and down-along and off along wi'
Milly.

Milly—my Milly—my little blue-eyed Milly—

'Twas up-along and down-along; but not to church
wi' Milly!

With Summer hours, when Summer flowers

Were all a gaily blowing,

Still Cupid's dart stuck in my heart

To set the spirit glowing.

One only she had conquered me—

Half girl and half a pixy.

'Twas up-along and down-along and off along wi'
Trixie.

Trixie—my Trixie—my little brown-eyed Trixie—

'Twas up-along and down-along; but not to church
wi' Trixie!

When Autumn came with fire and flame
And ruddy leaves were flying,
My steady soul made love the goal—
Love faithful and undying.
One only she had conquered me,
For day and night my fancy
Was up-along and down-along and off along wi'
Nancy!
Nancy—my Nancy—my little grey-eyed Nancy—
'Twas up-along and down-along; but not to church
wi' Nancy!

Though Winter snow swept high and low
And ice hung from the thatching
Of every eave, if you'll believe,
My thoughts were still for matching.
One only she had conquered me;
And though we'd ne'er a penny,
'Twas up-along and down-along and off along wi'
Jenny.
Jenny—my Jenny—my little black-eyed Jenny—
'Twas up-along and down-along and off to church
wi' Jenny!



"'Twas up-along and down-along and off along
wi' Milly."

TO A FINE LADY THAT WOULD
WED A MINISTER.

O lady dear
What's this I hear:
A wife you mean to be?
Then let me stand
With the large band
Who wish all good to thee.

The learned clerk
That fired the spark—
A blessed man is he!
For noble wife
Shall crown his life
As sunshine crowns the sea.

Thy way must go
Where winds do blow
And shadows flit and flee ;
But may it smile
For many a mile
And birds sing on each tree.

Through every weather,
Close, close together
In sweet communion, ye
Shall face to-morrows
Of joys and sorrows
With glorious sympathy.

Shared happiness
Is not made less :
It heightens in degree ;
But a shared woe
Doth lighter grow
For all humanity.

TO A FINE LADY THAT WOULD WED A MINISTER.

May the fair cup
Of life fill up
With love and joy for thee ;
May'st thou be blest
And all that's best
Adorn thy destiny.

For thy delight
I do indite
This epithalamie.
The words are nought,
But take the thought
With kindly love from me.

THE GIFT.

Never a burn that from the wild hills cried
With their own ruby dyed,
 Kissed by a setting sun ;
Nor yet the huddle of the fallen brake
Knew how to win and take
 The splendour thou hast won.

There is no mountain in whose secret heart
Harbours a counterpart
 Of thy deep-tinctured bliss ;
No opal, from the Mother's bosom torn,
Or bloodstone dark hath worn
 A livery like this.

Not Autumn's multi-coloured robe of fire
Shall grant me my desire
 In fruit, or leaf, or grain.
To make an auburn harmony with thine :
A phoenix hue divine
 For me dost thou remain.

THE GIFT.

Sunset and gentle after-glow may swoon
To match thee, and the moon
At her red rising try ;
There is no sleight of thunder-cloud or morn
Can show where thou wast born
I find thee not on high.

Nor shall the wine-dark shadow that doth lurk
Within thy wondrous cirque
Be caught from earth or sea—
From distant mountain purple, or from plain,
Or ocean's far-flung stain
Of lapis lazuli.

Not seraphim upon their reverent wings,
Though heaven's blazon flings
A rainbow glory there,
Shall ever flash, through all their raptured flight,
Such awful fires as light
This lock of woman's hair.

YOU CAN TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

The loveliest thing that ever I saw
Was a face in the briny sea—
A face that, according to natural law,
Could assuredly never be.

But I put my trust in two faithful eyes
And some credit for observation,
Though Science may tell you a pack of lies
On the theme of hallucination.

The tide ran ebbing, the sand shone bright
With the glow of a red sun setting,
When I found in the far-flung evening light
A creature the tide was forgetting.

The sea-mews fluttered above its head
With their music so weird and wild,
And I feared the unhappy beast was dead,
Till it screamed, like a little child.

As a new-born babe did the being wail,
And such was its wonderful beauty,
That a first-class conscience began to fail
And I shied at my obvious duty.

For this atom, with glorious gills of gold
And a golden tail for his toes,
Was a fine mer-baby not two months old,
As pink as a shrimp, or a rose.

I hungered to treasure the dainty toy,
So cool and so wet and so sandy ;
But knew without doubt such a small mer-boy
Would possess a mer-mother handy.

And, sure enough, in the glittering sea,
His parent was swimming and splashing,
A prey to maternal anxiety,
With the billows about her flashing.

But her frightened eyes of heavenly blue,
And the aureole of her hair,
Were really quite exquisitely new
And transcendently fresh and fair.

For nothing that goes on a pair of feet,
With solid old earth for a home,
Can promise the thrill, so ineffably sweet,
Of a mer-mother's face in the foam.

And that everyday, humdrum souls may see
Such a joy in the ebbing tide,
Sufficiently proves that zoology
Should be very much amplified.





"She sprang like a salmon upon the air
And gathered her son in her arms,
While I saw the gleam of her rainbow hair,
And the flash of her silver charms."

Her babe was as cold as a little fish,
And he wriggled and yelled with fear
As I picked him up; while with splash and swish,
His poor, frantic mamma cruised near.

Then down to the fringe of those waters hoar,
In the shingle and shell asmother,
That ravishing lump of delight I bore
And just flung him out to his mother.

She sprang like a salmon upon the air
And gathered her son in her arms,
While I saw the gleam of her rainbow hair
And the flash of her silver charms.

Then she vanished to rocky deeps below
With a marvel of skilled natation,
Thanking any God she happened to know
For thus saving the situation.

YOU CAN TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT.

And whether her mer-man ever learned
Of that terrible, threatened mess,
Or the fate her stupidity nearly earned
For their babe, we can only guess.

But this I know to a certainty,
That never, oh never no more,
Shall I dream such a vision on land or sea
As that mer-mother's face of yore.

THE CARRION CROW.

Crunk ! Crunk ! said the carrion crow ;
You know what you know and I know what I
know.
And the things what you know ain't no very great
odds ;
But the things that I know be a dish for the gods.

For what's the whole boilin' of secrets you hold
To a hoss that I've found, as be just growing cold?
This morn he was living; to-night he's gone dead,
And he heaved his last sigh while I sat on his
head.

But though you'm so terrible witty and wise
'Tis me and not you that will peck out his eyes.
Crunk ! Crunk ! said the carrion crow ;
You can keep what you know, and I'll keep what
I know.

FRUIT OF THE LIME.

Under a linden at the time of Spring
Where, for the joy of all her sister trees,
She bloomed deliciously, to murmuring
Of myriad, music-making bees,
Drawn by her aura sweet, a woodland lad
Sought wherewithal to make his lover glad.

One fragrant bough he broke. "Fear not, fair
tree,

"No thankless thief am I," declared the boy.

"A blessing and a magic boon to thee

"I bring—a very wonder and a joy.

"Henceforth, O linden, proudly shalt thou bear

"A fruit more lush than cherry, grape or pear.

"What though the scourges of the winter smite

"Until thy tattered canopy doth sway

"All shivering nakedness? A beam of light

"Thy golden fruits shall gleam athwart the grey

"In sunny splendour. Here I hang them now!"

He carved his sweetheart's name upon a bough.



"He carved his sweetheart's name upon a bough."



SONG FOR A LUTE.

Margery, Merle and Aveline—
And rarest, fairest Aveline,
Loveliest girls that ever were seen—
Loveliest ever seen,
Wandered beneath the hunter's moon—
The red, uprising hunter's moon,
For to find the pixies and beg a boon—
To beg for a pixy boon.

Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!
Ting! Ting! Ting-a-ling!
Beg for a pixy boon.

There came a boy along the way—
A pretty boy along the way,
And Margery stopped with him to play—
Margery stopped to play.
Her sisters went through the owl-light,
By dingles dim through the owl-light,
And the tears of one they were falling bright—
Her tears they were falling bright.

Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!
Ting! Ting! Ting-a-ling!
Tears that were falling bright.

SONG FOR A LUTE.

A convent on the path they trod—
The dark and dusky path they trod,
Drew weeping Merle at the will of God—
Merle by the will of God.

She entered and she bides there yet—
A maiden sweet, she bides there yet,
For love of the boy that Margery met—
The boy that Margery met.

Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!
Ting! Ting! Ting-a-ling!
Boy that Margery met.

But Aveline by beck and glen—
By starry beck and moony glen,
Won to the holt of the pixy men—
Haunt of the pixy men.

And thus spake they to Aveline—
To rarest, fairest Aveline :

“When the King sees you, he'll forget the
Queen—

The King shall forget the Queen ! ”

Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!
Ting! Ting! Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling!
King shall forget the Queen.



"And Margery stopped with him to play."

THE FIRE-DRAKE.

An it should be you'd make,
All for your sweetheart's joy,
A jewelly fire-drake,
This goes unto the toy :
A dragon-fly that's blue,
With little glow-worms two,
And morning drops of dew
Upon a spider's thread.

All these are simple things
And easy to be got,
But now the fire-drake's wings
Will puzzle you, God wot.
The flash that in them lies
Shall come not from the skies,
But lights the diamond eyes,
In your dear sweetheart's head.

THE FIRE-DRAKE.

Without the pearly gleam,
So beautiful to see,
Your gift is but a dream :
The fire-drake cannot be.
But if the maiden pout
And anger peepeth out,
Ere she your heart would flout,
Fly to the priest and wed.

Better to love she turn
At her fond lover's side
Than for the fire-drake burn
And ever be denied.
Go husband and go wife
Without one thought of strife,
In blessing of shared life
The marriage way to tread.

ON DAWLISH WARREN.

Oh naked-footed boy, with the wild hair
And hopeful eyes, is it so long ago
Among these windy dunes you made your lair,
Beside the immutable sea's unwearied ebb and
flow ?

Above you sings the horrent bent ; the sun
Finds you and burns your budding limbs to
brown ;
You race the waves and wade and leap and run,
Then in the sweet, hot sand, contented, cuddle
down.

You dream great dreams, while all the upper air
Is musical with mew ; and round about,
Upon the flats among the sea-ways there,
The dim sea-lavender spreads her purple fingers
out.

And still the sandhills roll and still the sea
 Flings a straight line of everlasting blue
Athwart their shining hillocks ; solemnly
 The ships go by, but not the wondrous ships you
 knew.

When first your path among the sand dunes fell —
 The dunes that stretched as now and shone of
 yore
In their bright nakedness—a magic spell
 Of mystery and dread they wove along the
 shore.

This poppy with the horn, this bindweed white
 And salicornia in its crimson bands
Meant more, far more than beauty and delight :
 They stood for treasure torn from drowning
 pirates' hands.

These amber weeds were then a garment brave ;
 These agate stones were gems of splendid size
Once decked a mermaid in a deep sea cave,
 Lit by gigantic fish from their green, glimmering
 eyes.



"Oh naked-footed boy, with the wild hair,
And hopeful eyes, is it so long ago,
Among these windy dunes you made your lair,
Beside the immutable sea's unwearied ebb
and flow?"

ON DAWLISH WARREN.

The sandhills were your giants, cruel or kind ;
Each falling billow told another tale ;
Fairies and goblins flew upon the wind ;
There lurked a tragedy in every sea - bird's
wail.

And now the watchful sea doth bid me say ;
The salt air whispers me to speak and tell
Where is the little boy from yesterday
Whom wind and wave and sand and sunshine
knew so well ?

“ He was our playmate ; us he understood
And ran to us with glory in his eyes ;
We loved him and we wrought to work his good ;
We made him strong and brave and with our
wisdom wise.

■
“ Will he not come again ? The flowerets small
Have opened for his eager hands once more ;
Among the yellow whins the linnets call,
The wrack and shells he loved still drift along
the shore.

“ He climbed the crests of all our ridges grey
And sang to us and paddled where our foam
Thins to a crystal film. But yesterday
A happy sprite was he; where now does our
boy roam ? ”

“ Deep of the many voices, on whose face
No seal is set through all the centuries fled,
Laugh on at time, nor know the hurricane race
Of his few hurtling years above a human
head.

“ And thou, old dune; the stars of heaven shall
rove,
The galaxies break up to wheel about
And in new, golden constellations move
Before thine hour-glass grey hath run its
measure out.

“ Your yesterday, you immemorial things,
Whereon the ages yet no shadow cast,
For me the hurrying and sleepless wings
Of year on stormy year have swept into the
past.

" Yet think not I have lost that faith and joy
Felt when my world was young and I a part.
Oh, sea and earth and wild west wind, your boy
Lies hidden safe within my steadfast, changeless
heart.

" I cry not for your yesterday again,
For it is with me still—still my to-day—
And time's stern messengers but threat in vain
While yet a boy's pure hope can light the man's
hard way."

THE CUCKOO.

Wild, thorny thickets sloping on the west
Above a little amber-hearted burn :
'Tis here the winged travellers come to rest,
Knowing this haunt of stone and eagle fern
Is meet for love's delight and everlasting quest.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! With might and
main

They trob from dawn till dusk and glide about
By rock and lonely thorn, and then again
By thorn and lonely rock with eager shout—
Untiring, small, grey shapes on love's invisible
chain.

Now is she coy, but presently the call
Brings her low stooping back within his sight;
Or, missing her, he whirls away, to fall
Where low she cowers, and then, in twining
flight,
Wings touching wings, they swoop aloft into the
light.

THE CUCKOO.

Virtue's a protean thing; when here we roam,
The cuckoos' values hardly look so bad.
They feel indeed no flair for home, sweet home,
But have the wit to know it; if we had
There would not surely be so many people mad.

Grandly the cuckoos love, and caring nought
For lesser things, which are not in their line,
When pledges of their joy need tender thought,
Seek out some worthy sparrow, who will shine
At mothering their babe, as sparrows have been
taught.

She'll make a brave young cuckoo of their child,
And if her own fall short, one sparrow less
Is no great matter, for the meek and mild
Are always with us; but who fail to bless
The rare, grey cuckoo's song that wakes Spring
on the wild?

THE AGED TREES.

Haggard and grey they creep above the hill,
Riven and shattered, yet endued with life—
The pioneers of pines that feel no strife,
But prosper far below, where leaps a rill,
And song and sunlight home within the valley
still.

Here all is battle ; fallen trunk and bough
Declare eternal siege, and the long sigh
Of war-worn branches, buffeted on high,
Scarce ceases day or night upon the brow
Of this sad solitude, but lifts and lulls, as now.

Yet have I seen the trees at eventide
Rapt in a magic hour of silent rest,
With dim, red gold about each beaten crest,
Where the last garland of the sunset died ;
And through the drowsy wood, night spread her
purple wide.



"But prosper far below, where leaps a rill,
And song and sunlight home within the
valley still."

THE AGED TREES.

Forgotten yet enduring, here they dwell
Until their time is told and they return
Into the universal, sacred urn—
Type of the secret great that win no knell,
Whose strenuous story none shall ever know or
tell.

SONG FOR THE SPHERES.

A drop of fire from a flying sun—
Sing, old stars, the World's begun.

An ocean warm where electrons strive—
Sing, old stars, the World's alive.

Age upon age and link upon link—
Shout, old stars, the World can think.

War's red knife hisses home to the haft—
Mourn, old stars, the World runs daft.

Reason and Love shall conquer and reign—
Sing, old stars, the World is sane.

Liberty, Liberty, Liberty!
Shout, old stars, the World is free.

THE BENEDICTS.

Dick, Tom and Harry resolved to marry,
With great hilarity, faith, hope and charity.

Dick was soon sped: at thirty he wed,
And would change to-morrow, were it not for
her sorrow.

At forty Tom mated; it is related
He ignores all his vows, to the grief of his
spouse.

Harry—fifty, with pelf—won a blued-eyed elf;
Wouldn't father a boy and divorced her with
joy.

Each asked for his view, now he really knew,
Has estimated, the state over-rated.

TO RUPERT BROOKE.

Though we, a happy few,
Indubitably knew
That from the purple came
This poet of pure flame.

The world first saw his light
Flash on an evil night,
And heard his song from far
Above the drone of war.

Out of the primal dark
He leapt, like lyric lark,
Singing his aubade strain ;
Then fell to earth again.

We garner all he gave,
And on his hero grave,
For love and honour strew,
Rosemary, myrtle, rue.

Son of the Morning, we
Had kept you thankfully;
But yours the asphodel:
Hail, singer, and farewell.

THE GOAT-SUCKER.

That hour has struck when sleepy day
Welcomes young night in mantle grey
With gentle, drowsy eyes.
Light wanes upon a dingle dim
Where wakes the immemorial hymn
Of ancient lullabies.

The airey-mouse, where chafers fly,
Squeaks in the twilight joyfully;
The shard-borne beetles boom;
'Good-night' the tireless cuckoo calls,
While on the glen a gloaming falls
In deepening veils of gloom.

And where the boulders and the brakes
Lie very still, the churn-owl wakes.
Beneath the ragged firs
He throws himself into his rede
And with a brisk and steady speed,
He purrs, and purrs, and purrs.

THE GOAT-SUCKER.

Subdued at first, he drones his lay,
Then gathers force and hums away.
Like any spinning wheel
He pours interminable tales
Till the night pulses and the vales
Together throb and reel.

His stridulation seem to rise
And flow and fill; and then it dies
Upon a lower note;
But scarcely is the hour at rest
When caprimulgus fills his chest
And opes again his throat.

A din to those who know him not,
Upon the dewy dusk a blot
So toneless, harsh and long;
But dear to me, and far more dear
Than many a gentler note of cheer
Or sweeter flood of song.

THE GOAT-SUCKER.

Waking the past within my mind,
The night-jar turns his key to wind
My watch of memory.
He tells an owl-light long ago
When my own dearest, soft and slow,
"I love you," said to me.

To fringe night's robe, a down of mist
Curls to the whirring singer's tryst;
Stars shine above the way;
And by my side there goeth one
Who, after all the long years done,
"I love you" still can say.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

Imperishable, on the topmost height
Of human mastery, like one sole star
Hung in a sky whose constellations far
Throw a dim halo for his steadfast light,
He shines; nor all the centuries can mar
His ambient beam, enduring still as bright
As when it woke in magnitude and might
Upon the wonder of his avatar.

The secret of all secrets that have birth
In brain and heart of man he found and
told,
And rang their truth and tragedy and
mirth
On dulcet bells of everlasting gold,
Still chiming to the children of the Earth,
Ageless for ever, though Time's self be
old.

LIFE.

My span of life is but awakening
From dreamless sleep within the mother's
 breast
To one short restlessness 'twixt rest and rest.
Into the eternal mystery I spring—
A bubble at the flying, flashing crest
Of the last wave old time doth break and
 fling
In rainbows on the shore of human quest,
Iron-bound or gentle, harsh or welcoming.
And I endure a moment's wonder there—
A pang of consciousness—and then I fall
Back to the unconscious warp and woof
 of all;
Beyond the why, the wherefore and the
 where,
Beyond the reach of hope, beyond recall,
Beyond the ken of light, of love, of prayer.

NATURE AND THE DEAD ARTIST.

All that he needed, I gave :
A cradle, a roof and a grave ;
For all that he hungered and fought,
I spared not one thought.

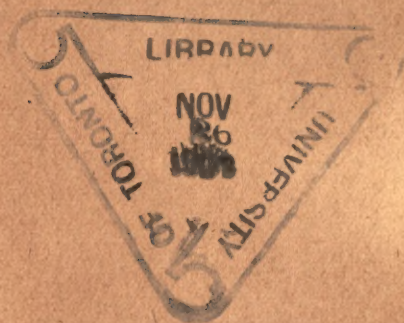


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